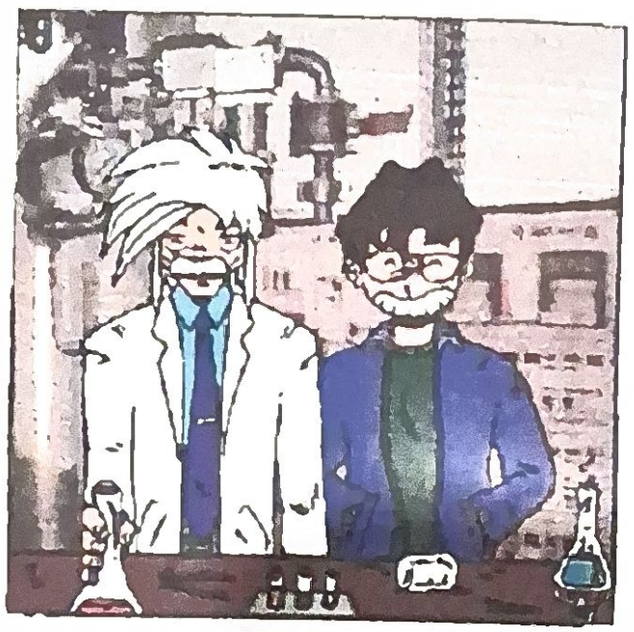


As Allen walks through the statue laden hallways in Mr. Doshay's home, his heart is beating hard. Mr. Dorshay stops at a closed door and unlocks it. He walks inside and Allen follows at his heels. The room is filled with electronic equipment, Bunsen burners, and liquid filled flasks. Mr. Dorshay walks over to a table that is cluttered with flasks, and picks up one that contains a reddish liquid.

"Here we are. I have been working with this serum in a manner similar the experiment you are trying to do. I have only run a few tests, but so far, this serum appears to be quite effective for stimulating the nervous system of small reptiles and mammals. In effect, it heightens the consciousness of the subject. Normally, I would never give a powerful chemical like this to a student, but I remember how cosciencious you are, and I know you'll be careful."

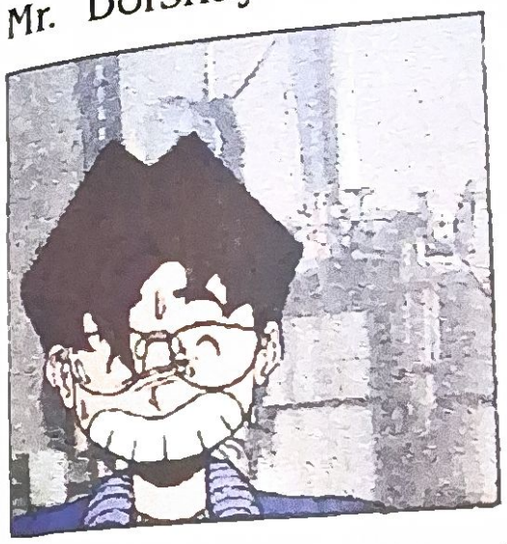
Mr. Dorshay holds the flask up to the light.

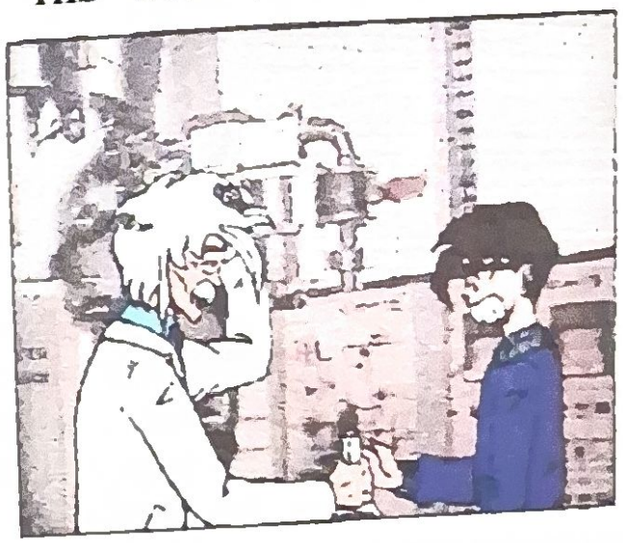
"This serum is highly concentrated. There's a tenth of a liter here, and I figure you'll only need one milliliter to revive one mouse. Now how many mice are you experimenting with?"

Allen's mind is racing. This chemical agent is exactly what Carol needs to bring her out of the coma. Allen knows Mr. Dorshay is asking about the number of mice because he is going to parcel out only the amount needed. But Carol is no mouse. She might need it all. Allen quickly figures out how to answer Mr. Dorshay's question.

"Uh... did I say mice? I meant rabbits. I have thirty fat rabbits that are in a coma. Sir, I think I need all of that serum you have there."

Mr. Dorshay scratches his head, and hands the





flask to Allen. Allen keeps smiling as he reached for the flask. When he holds the neck of the bottle in his hand, he feels a great relief. Now he can return to the hospital and save Carol. But first he must cut short this meeting with Mr. Dorshay.

"Thanks Mr. Dorshay. I wish that I could stay and talk some more, but I just remembered a dental appointment I have this evening."

Mr. Dorshay looks Allen in the eyes and cracks a smile underneath his mustache.

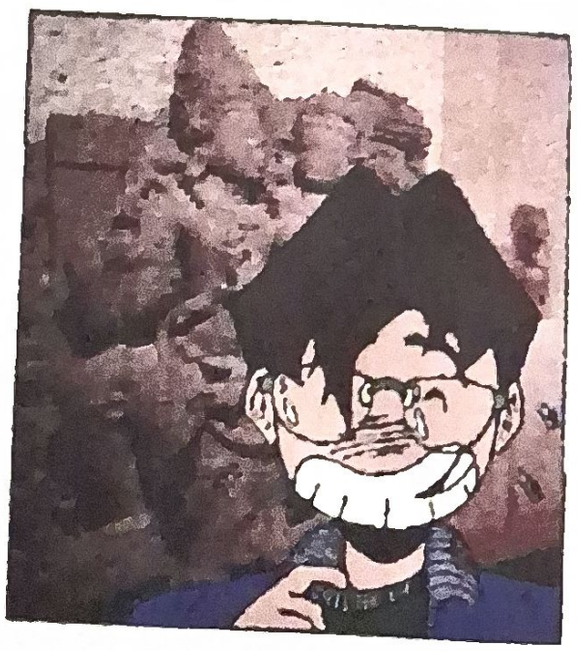
"Okay, Allen. I know you young people are always on the go. I'll walk you to the door."

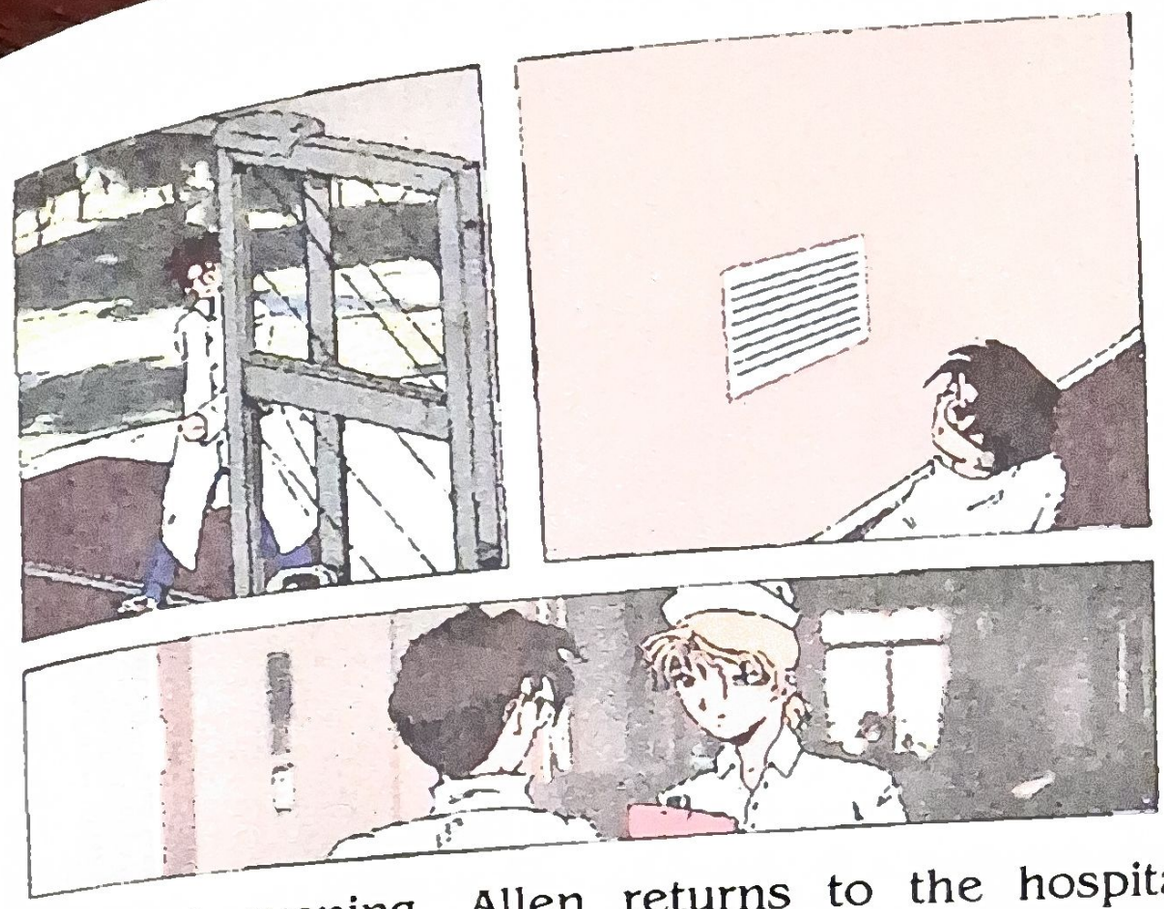
Mr Dorshay put his hand on Allen's shoulder as he escorts him to the front door.

"Allen, my boy, you remind me a lot of myself forty years ago, except I was already married when I was your age. Sandra and I were two high school book worms who fell in love while studying together in the school library. We got married as soon as we graduated from high school, and we went away to the same college together that fall. Yes, my boy, our college years were the happiest times in my entire life. That's what you need. Buckle down with a loving and supportive wife like my Sandra, bless her dear soul. Is there a smart girl in college who you are thinking about marrying Allen?"

Allen was so preoccupied with his thoughts that he only caught half of what Mr. Dorshay said.

"No sir. I don't have a girlfriend who wants to get married. There is one girl I like, and she just graduated from high school. But, I don't have time right now to think about marriage. I have to worry about... on my biology experiment ."





The next evening, Allen returns to the hospital disguised as a doctor. He is wearing a white smock that he picked up at a rummage store the night before. As he approaches the main entrance, he looks around nervously for security guards. He goes over in his mind exactly what he will do.

"Carol is in intensive care, and no visitors are allowed in her room. I have to somehow get the serum that Mr. Dorshay gave me into her... but only attending doctors can treat her. I hope this smock makes me look like a real doctor..."

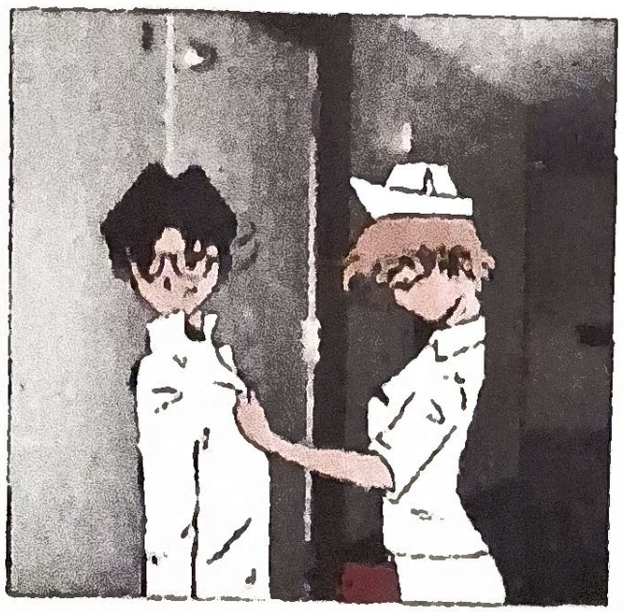
When Allen enters the hospital, he looks on a wall directory for the ward where Intensive Care patients are kept. He finds the ward but he still doesn't know Carol's room number. Then he spots a nurse with a clipboard walking his way. He steps in front of her, and tries to act important.

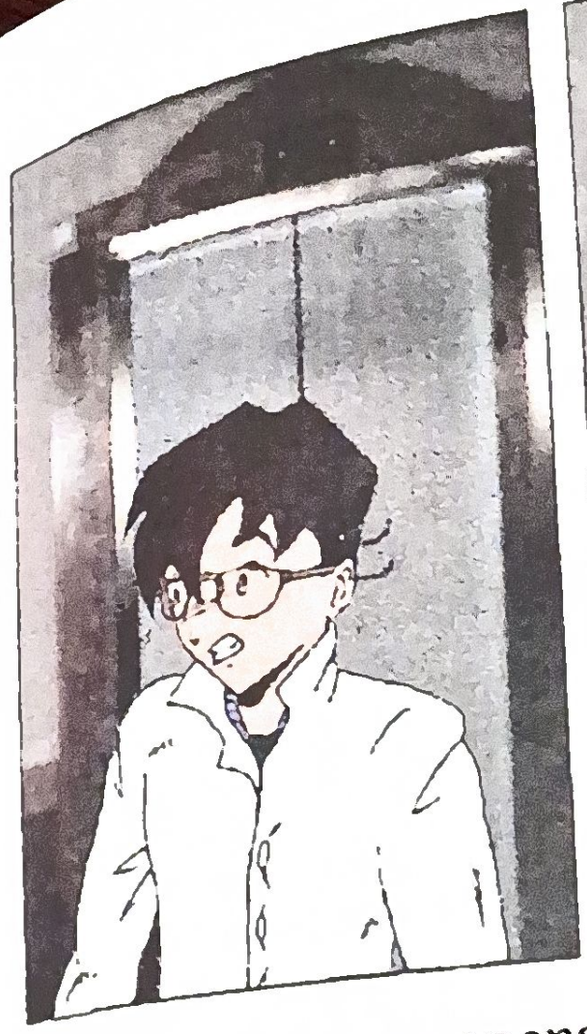
"Excuse me. I'm new here, and I have to examine a patient named Carol Williams. Can you please tell me her room number?"

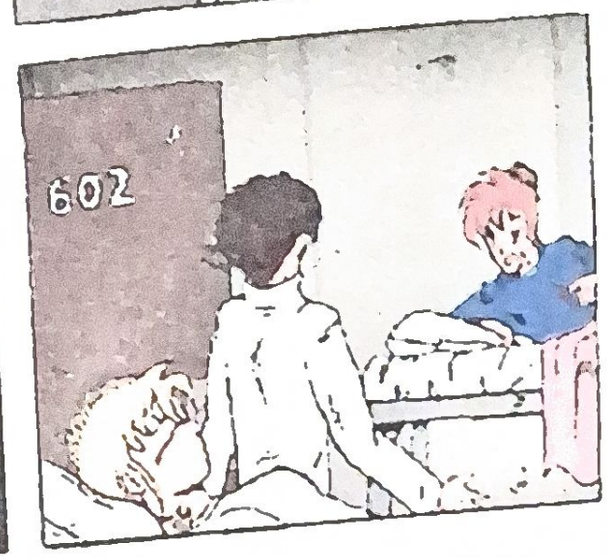
The nurse looks on her clip board for the name of the patient this young intern asked for.
"Let's see... Williams... Carol Williams... Here she is. In room 602, Doctor..."

The nurse looks at the young doctor's smock for the pictured ID card he is suppose to be wearing.
"Doctor, where is your badge? If you are a new intern, you are suppose to know about the hospital's rules. By the way what is your name... Doctor?"

Allen starts walking away and heads toward the elevators down the hall. He is starting to panic because he thinks that nurse is suspicious. What will happen if she calls the security guards?!
"Uh... my name is Al... Albert Stein. Uh... bye."







The elevator door opens on the 6th floor and Allen steps nervously into the hallway. He is desperate to to find Carol quickly, because he thinks the nurse downstairs has already called the security guards. They even know where he's headed. He'll have to hurry. Allen spots room 602, and quickly opens the door and steps inside. Then a crackled voice from behind the door startles him. **"Hello Doctor."**

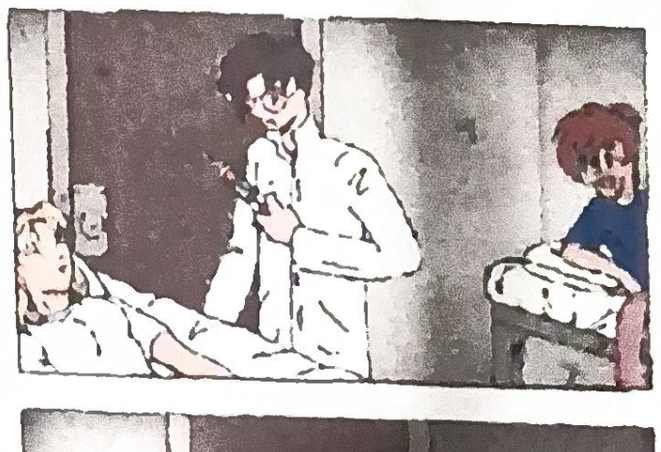
Allen spins around to face a middle age woman laying in bed. Her name is Elnora Thompson.
"I haven't seen you before. Come to check on me, or you here for Sleeping Beauty over there."

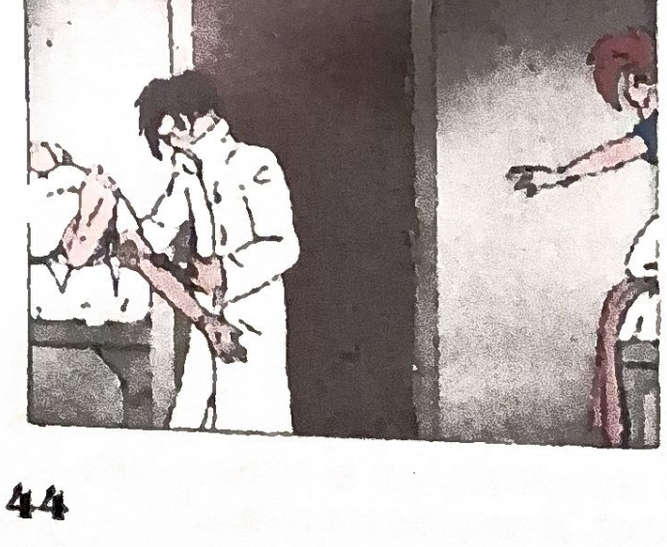
Allen is caught completely off guard. Now he would have to deal with this busybody old lady.
"Uh... I... uh... well, I'm a specialist... and I... uh... I'm here to... uh... administer a new... uh... drug to revive this patient from her coma."

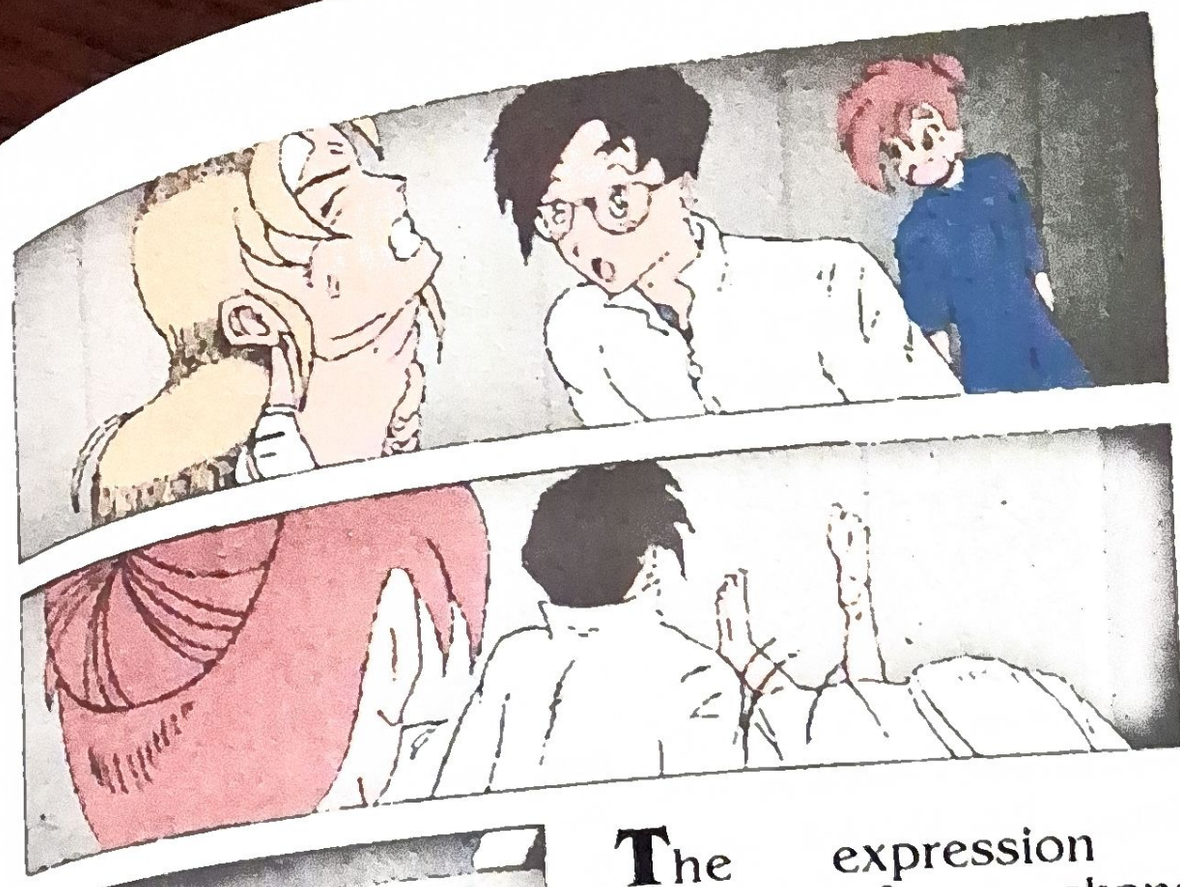
Allen turns his back to Ms. Thompson and reaches in the left pocket of his smock, pulling out a large intravenous needle. Stepping toward Carol, he holds up the needle, and squirts some of the red serum out to remove any residue air bubbles. He hears the old lady's voice again.
"But Doctor, she..."

Allen pays no attention to the old woman. He grabs Carol's forearm, and squeezes it to expose a vein. Then he sticks the needle into the largest of the purple lines that surface in her arm, and pushes the handle until all of the red serum disappears inside. Ms Thompson raises her voice in protest.
"Stop it! You're not a doctor? That girl is not in a coma! She came out of it last night!"

With the needle in her arm, Carol opens her eyes.
"Ouch! What is... It's you! What are you doing?"







The expression on Carol's face changes from anger to that of agony. She clutches her throat and gasp for air. Ms. Thompson screams frantically for help.
"Somebody help! Help

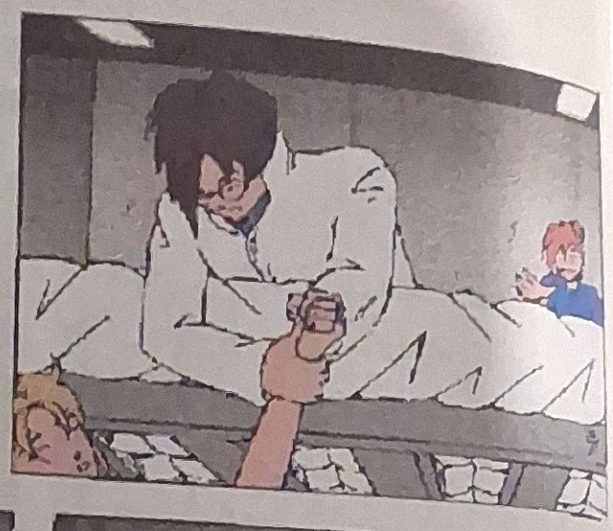
Allen watches in horror as Carol's body shakes in convulsions. She is making loud grunting sounds while rocking back and forth on top of the bed. Then she rolls off the opposite side of the bed. Allen hears a loud thud as she hits the floor. He stands motionless as Ms. Thompson continues yelling in a high pitched voice.
"Help! Murderer! Fiend! Somebody help us!"

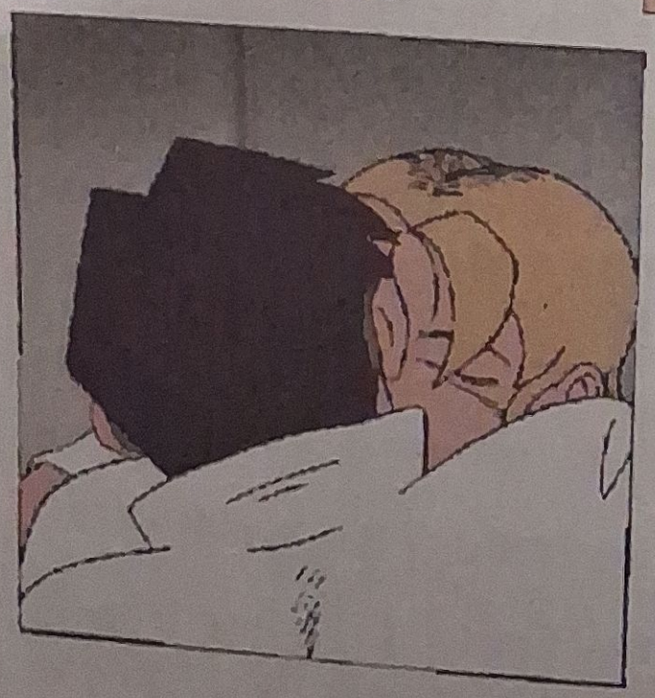
Allen leaps onto the bed and reaches down to grab hold of Carol's wrist. Her eyes are closed and she is motionless. He squeezes her wrist, trying to feel for a pulse. He is startled by how easily he can feel the blood pulsating in her veins. She is alive!

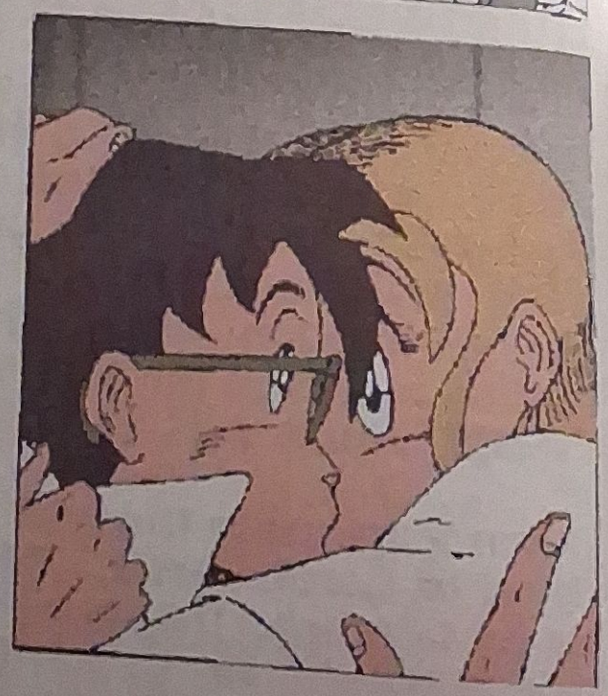
Being able to feel Carol's strong pulse was a big relief for Allen. But is she breathing? He can't tell by holding her wrist and looking at her face if she is breathing. He decides to try to give her C.P.R, even though he never did it before. Allen rolls off the bed onto the floor next to Carol. He places his hands under her arms and pulls her up against him. Then he presses his mouth onto hers and starts blowing breath into her body. The old lady screams become even loader.

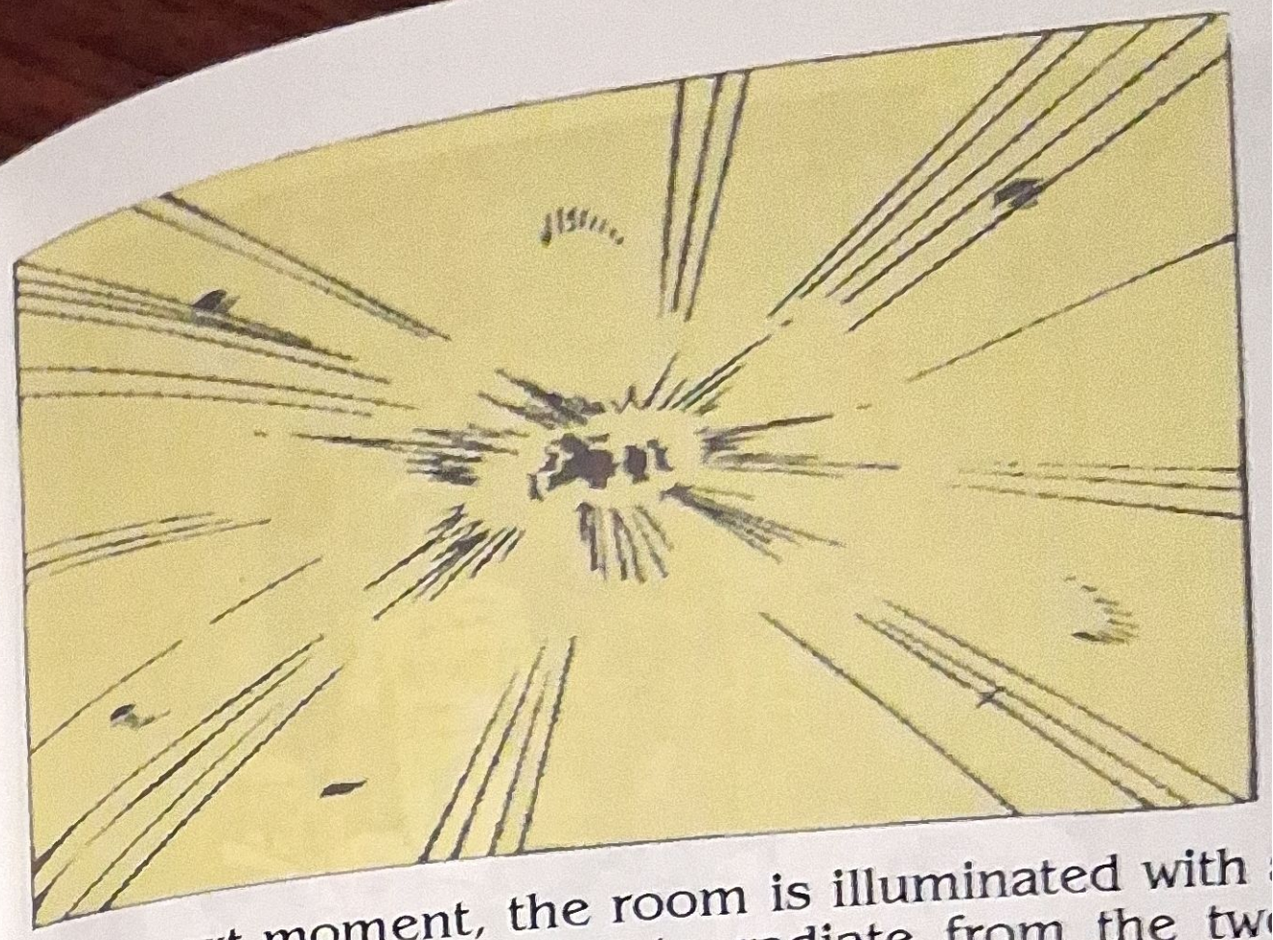
"Oh my God! Molester! Somebody help! Hurry! Molester! Help!"

Allen holds Carol up. She feels very heavy. He keeps breathing in through his nose and forcing the breath out into Carol's mouth. The tension is tiring him. Suddenly, Carol opens her eyes and clutches tightly onto Allen.









In the next moment, the room is illuminated with blinding light that seems to radiate from the two young people sitting on the floor, and a loud thunderous clasp vibrates off the walls.

CHAPTER 3

Later, Ms. Thompson, the patient in room 602, is surrounded by nurses and security guards trying to revive her. The other bed where Carol was laying is now empty. Near the bed, there is an open window. The room is very warm, and thick with a burning smell, but there is no visible smoke. A nurse is gently patting on the hand of the fainted lady.
"Miss Thompson, wake up. What happened here? Where did that man take your room mate?"

Standing on the outside of the huddle of people around the lady's bed is a young, boyish looking security guard. He nudges the elbow of the nurse standing beside him. When she turns her head towards him, he wipes his forehead with his hand.
"Why is it so hot in here? I can feel cool air blowing out of the ceiling vents, but it's still hot in here. Smells like something was burning. Do you smell it? Smoking ain't allowed in these rooms, is it?"

The nurse nodes her head affirmatively.
"Yes, that's correct. Smoking is not allowed in the rooms, but I smell that odor too."

The unconscious Ms. Thompson starts to stir, as one nurse continues patting her on the hand and another nurse waves a bottle of smelling salt under her nose. All of the nurses and guards in the room are on edge. For thirty minutes, a large part of the hospital staff has searched every room on the floor for the missing female patient. Now, everyone was anxiously awaiting Ms. Thompson to tell them what happened to Carol.

The nurse treating Ms. Thompson motioned to the other people in the room to move away from the bed.
"She is coming around. Give her some breathing room."

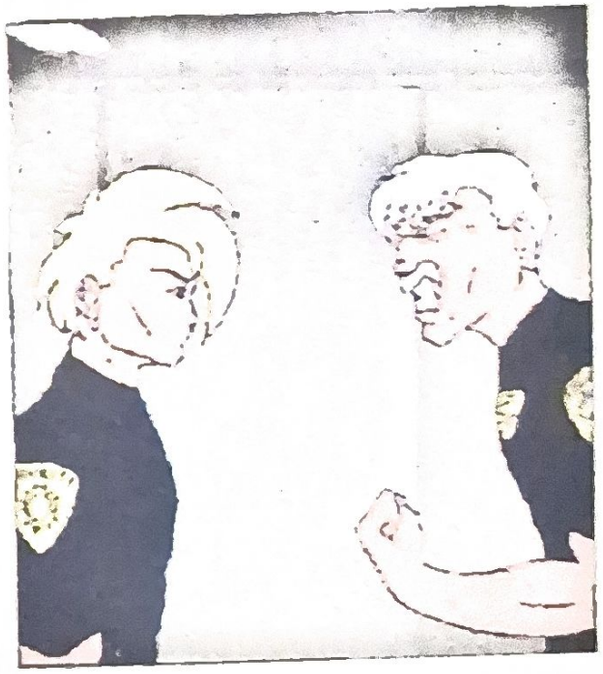
Every one in the room was staring hard at the woman as she stirred in the bed and slowly opened her eyes. One of the security guards steps up to the foot of her bed to question her.
"Miss Thompson, what happened here? Where is the girl who was in the other bed?"

Ms. Thompson opens her eyes wide. She sits up in her bed, but doesn't say anything. Her expression changes from one of drowsiness, to confusion, to terror. Looking around the room, she moves her mouth as if saying something, but no words come out. Then slowly she lifts her arm, and points a shaking finger towards the window.
"Bright light... hair like fire... out the window..."

A burly looking guard walks over to the window. He puts his hand against the wall to brace himself, and leans over to stick his head out of the window.
"I don't know how the glass in this window got knocked out. I can see busted pieces of glass six floors below on the ground... but I don't see any bodies down there... and there isn't a ledge for anybody to walk over to another room. Boy, this is weird"

Just then the chief of hospital security enters the room, and immediately starts shouting out orders.
"Have you found out where the girl is?"

The chief motions to one of his men.
"Look, either we find that girl in the next ten minutes, or I call the FBI, and report this as a kidnapping."



Almost a mile from the hospital, something very unusual is taking place on the roof of a six-floor office building. Allen is standing with his back against a brick wall. He has a terrified look on his face, and his two hands are outstretched, as if to ward off some terrible threat. He pleads with the figure looming between him and the dwindling light of the setting sun.

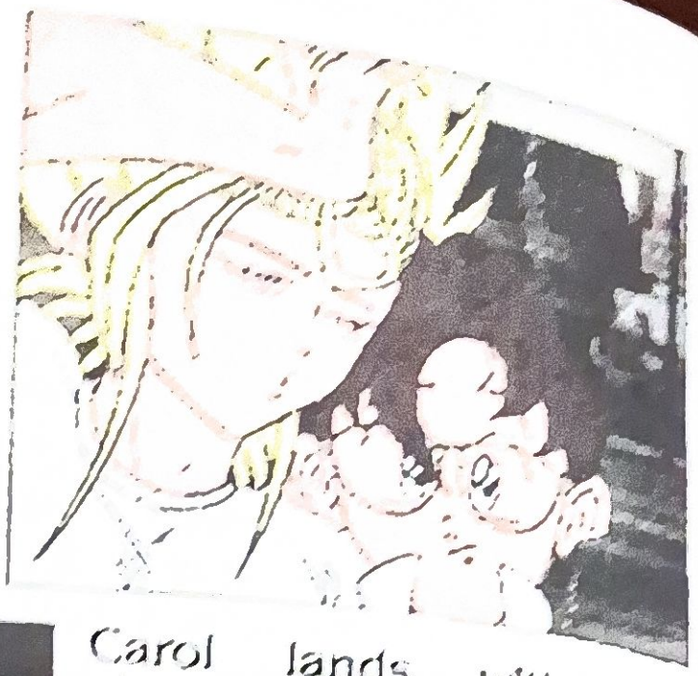
"Stop Carol! You've been crowding me for over an hour! Will you back off for a minute? Let's talk, okay? "

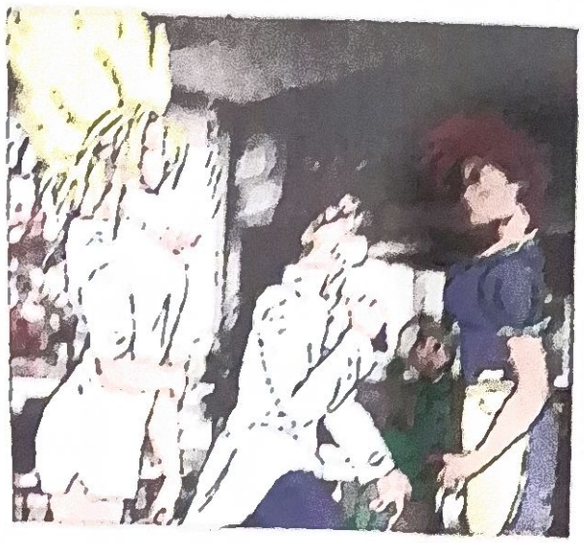
But, Carol acts as though she does not hear a word he is saying. She has changed considerably from what she looked like two hours ago. The expression of her eyes and mouth are not familiar to Allen. She looks at him as though she is hungry. But most of all, her hair is different. It is changed from light-brown to blond, and it stands firm and high on her head.

Looking hard at Carol, Allen likens her hair to a giant yellow flame. She peers through strands of her hair that flop down over her face. Carol has a big sleepy smile on her face. Slowly she advances toward Allen, swaying as she moves. Her arms are extended to their fullest, and her fingers spread apart to catch him if he runs. She reaches out and grabs his left wrist, then she grabs his right wrist. She sounds like she is intoxicated as she talks to Allen.

"Why are you talking like that to me? What's wrong? I love you, Honey. Are you hungry? That's what's bothering you isn't it? Me too. Come on, let's go eat."

Carol bends her knees and leaps off the roof, catapulting herself and Allen over the edge of the wall. As they fall, Allen feels a knot in his stomach, but it stops when he feels lateral motion a moment later.





Carol lands with Allen clinging onto her. They are on a deserted street about two miles from the hospital. Allen's legs are rubbery.
"Thank you for letting me walk. We can walk the rest of the way to a restaurant I saw about two blocks ahead."

As they walk, the taller Carol puts one arm around Allen's waist. With her other hand she pulls away the hair from her face. She tilts her head down so that the side of her face is resting against the top of his head. Allen likes what she is doing, but the mood is ruined for him because of the many questions racing in his brain.
"Carol, lets talk. Why are your acting like this? And why is our hair sticking out like that?"

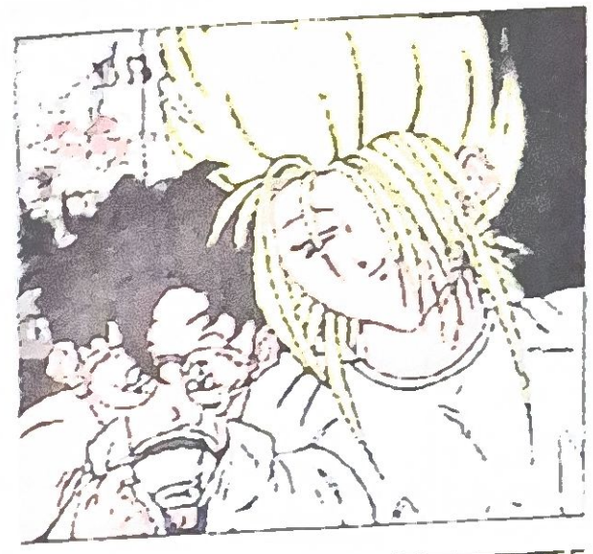
Carol purrs like a sleepy cat.
"I don't know, Honey. All I know is I love you."

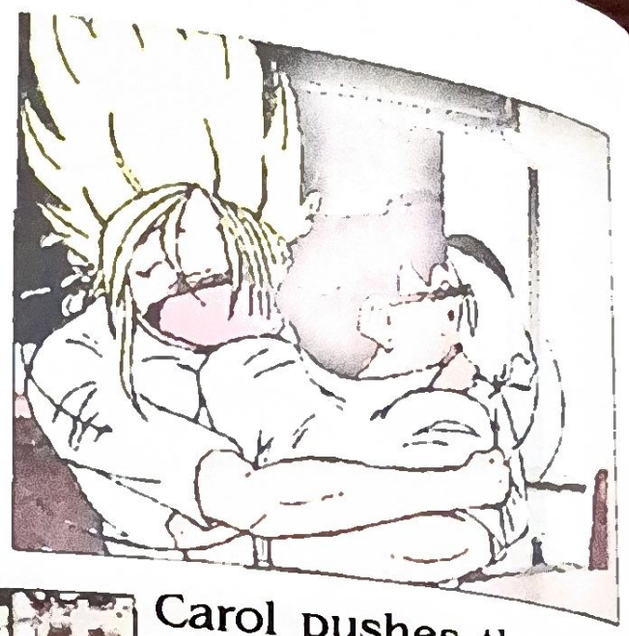
The couple steps into the restaurant, and Allen smiles and greets the waitress who seats customers.

As they sit at a booth, Carol wraps her arm tightly around Allen's shoulder. He is sipping on a hot cup of coffee, while immersed in deep thought.
"I don't know what was in that serum to affect Carol like this. If anything happens to her, it'll be my fault, because I injected her with that stuff."

Turning to Carol, Allen is about to say something, when she sticks a hot French fry in his mouth. She has a contented look on her face as she talks.
"Isn't that better? Here, eat some more."

Allen decides the best way for him to help Carol is to watch over her constantly. So he tells her a lie that he thinks she will believe.
"Carol... Honey, we are secretly married... but you had an accident. Now you have amnesia.





Carol pushes the hair away from her eyes, and stares intensely at Allen. He grins broadly, thinking that his deception did not work. What will she do to me? Slap my face? Break my arm? Gouge my eyes out?

Allen felt his stomach starting to turn. Whatever she was going to do, he just hoped it would happen quickly. Carol swings both her arms around him, and squeezes so hard he is forced to exhale. She yells out... but in joy not anguish.

"Yeeeeees! I just knew it! I could feel it! We are married and in love! That's why I feel so strongly about you! You're mine! All mine!"

Allen's ribs hurt from the bear hug given by Carol, but he does not mind at bit. She believes his story about them being secretly married. Now he will be able to take her to his apartment, and keep an eye on her. As Carol continues hugging him, Allen raises his arm to get the attention of the waitress.

"Uh... Miss... Check please!"

After paying the check at the cash register, Carol and Allen head for the double doors, and exit the restaurant. As they leave the premises, the cashier and waitress who served them, watches them stroll hand-in-hand down the street. The waitress shakes her head and makes a comment to herself.

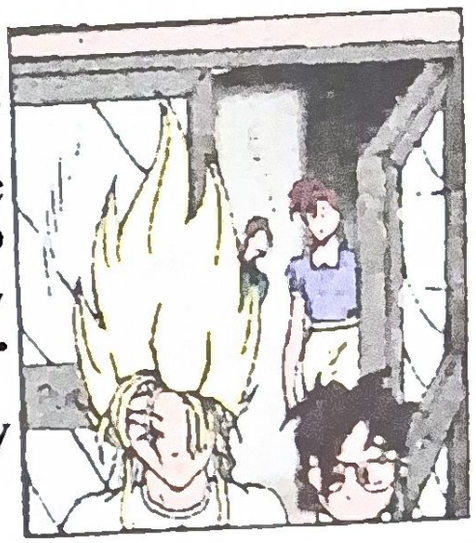
"What a weird couple."

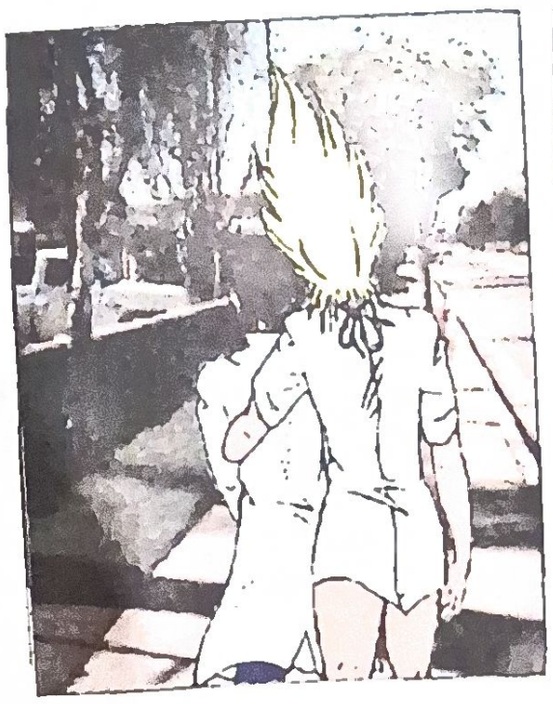
Before they walked very from the restaurant, Carol moves closer to Allen and puts her arm around his waist. She talks softly into his ear.

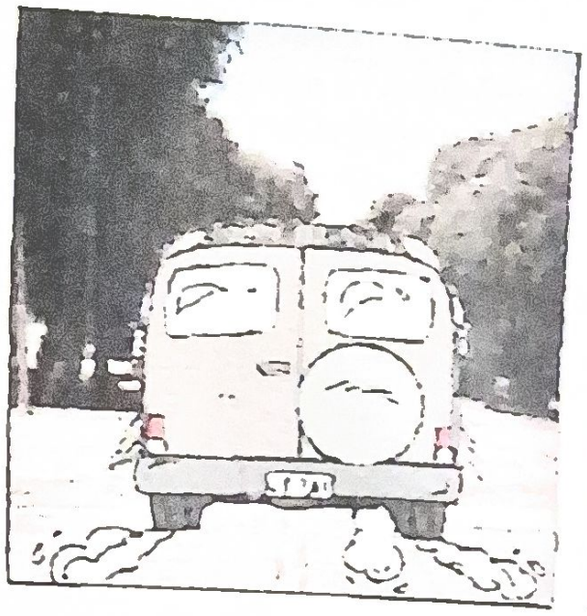
"Are you tired? How 'bout I fly us home?"

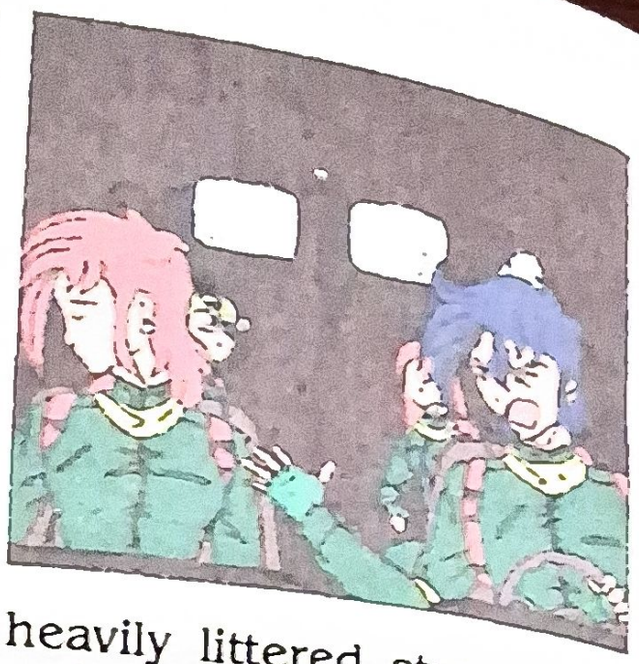
Allen ponders how best to tell her he does not want her flying him around the city.

"Uh... its such a nice afternoon, and we have so much to talk about. Honey, how 'bout let's walk to my... uh... our apartment. Okay, Honey? It's not far. Only about two miles."









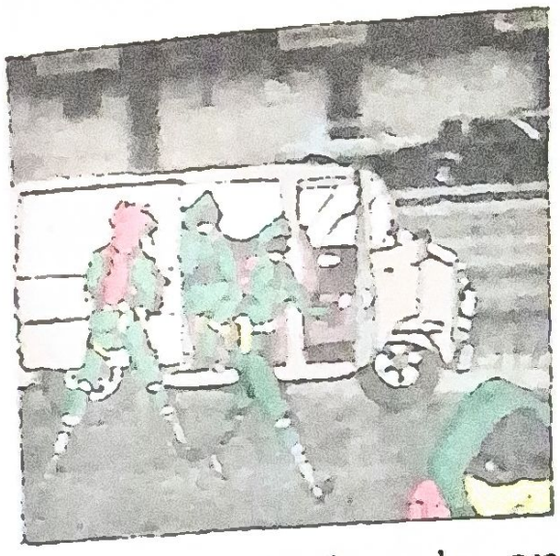
Somewhere else on a heavily littered street in Los Angeles, the WCTT gang is speeding down a wide residential street in their notorious gray van. Jane is sitting in the designated gang leader's spot, the front passenger seat. Jimmy, her second in command, is driving. And Wilma and Sandra, the gangs soldiers, are sitting in the back. No one is talking, which is especially uncharacteristic of Jane. She is brooding, and Timmy does not like her silence. His frustration builds and he breaks the quiet in the cab.

"What's wrong with you, Chief? Feeling sorry about whacking that karate-freak, Carol? Well, I'm glad we did it. And if you ask me, we should've done her a long time ago. She knew too much about us."

Jane turned and snapped back at Timmy so quickly and rudely that it startled and frighten him.

"Unless I ask you something specific, fella, you'd better learn to keep your big mouth shut! Understand?"

The van pulls into a vacant lot across the street from a liquor store in Compton. Jane chose this store to become next in a long line of examples for other business that fail to pay their protection money on time.

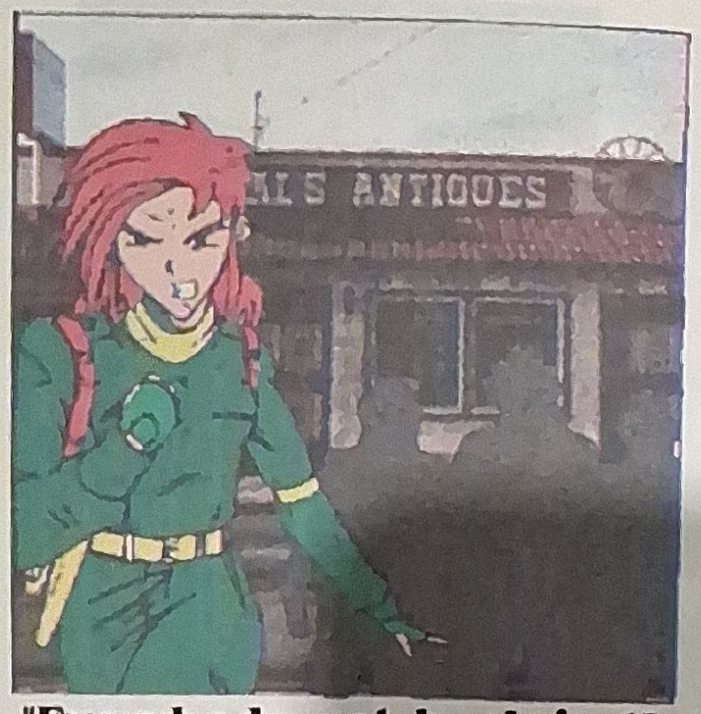


Jimmy, Sandra, and Wilma pull their hoods and scarves up to conceal their faces. They wait for Jane to exit first, then they pile out of the van in a professional and orderly manner. Jane does not bother pulling her hood and scarf over her face. She practices the art of physiological terror, by showing her face and daring anyone to describe her to the police. Terror is the gang's business, and Jane commands with absolute power.

"Okay, everybody check your equipment, and get in position to spray the front door shut."

Wilma casually looks over her shoulder, and her eye catches the letters "WCTT" printed on the headlines of a newspaper in a nearby dispenser. She walks over to the dispenser to read the print beneath the headline.

"Hey Jane, come look at this evening newspaper. It says something about us kidnapping a girl from the hospital."



Jane's temper flared up over the newspaper article. She knows that kidnapping is a federal offense, and now the FBI will be hunting down the WCTT. She thinks somebody is framing her gang in a scheme to take over the protection racket in the ghetto. Now the gang will be forced to hide out.

"Everybody get back in the van. We have to get out of here before the cops spot us. Hurry up!"

Hurriedly, the gang gets in their van and speeds away. Jimmy, and the two girls in the back pulled down their hoods and scarves from their faces. Jimmy was confused. He did not understand why the gang did not finish what they had planned to do. He was afraid of Jane, but his curiosity kept building inside of him, until he could not resist the temptation to ask her a question.

"Chief, what's going on? Who is that girl in the newspaper? It can't be Carol, right? She's dead. Right?"

Jane turned to Jimmy snarling her answer.

"Carol is not dead. I dissolved the paint!"

Jimmy looked into the rear mirror.

"Uh oh. Cop car..."

Jimmy steps on the gas peddle and the van leaps forward, forcing everyone back in their seats. At the next corner, Jimmy makes a sharp right turn, setting the van on two wheels. He repeats the same maneuver at the next corner. Jane roles down the window to see if they had lost the police car tailing them.

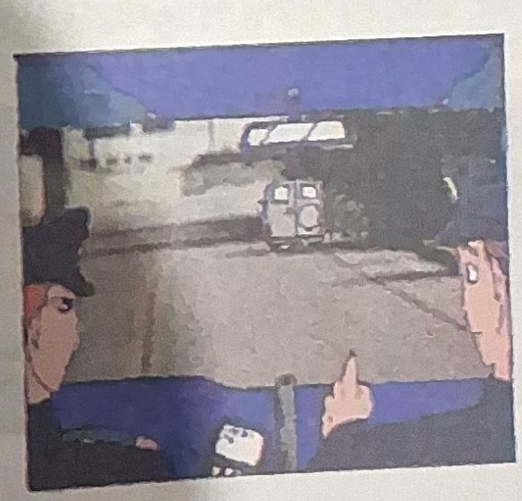
"Those cops are still on our tail! Stop in the middle of the next block, then everybody get out with your sprayers at the ready position."

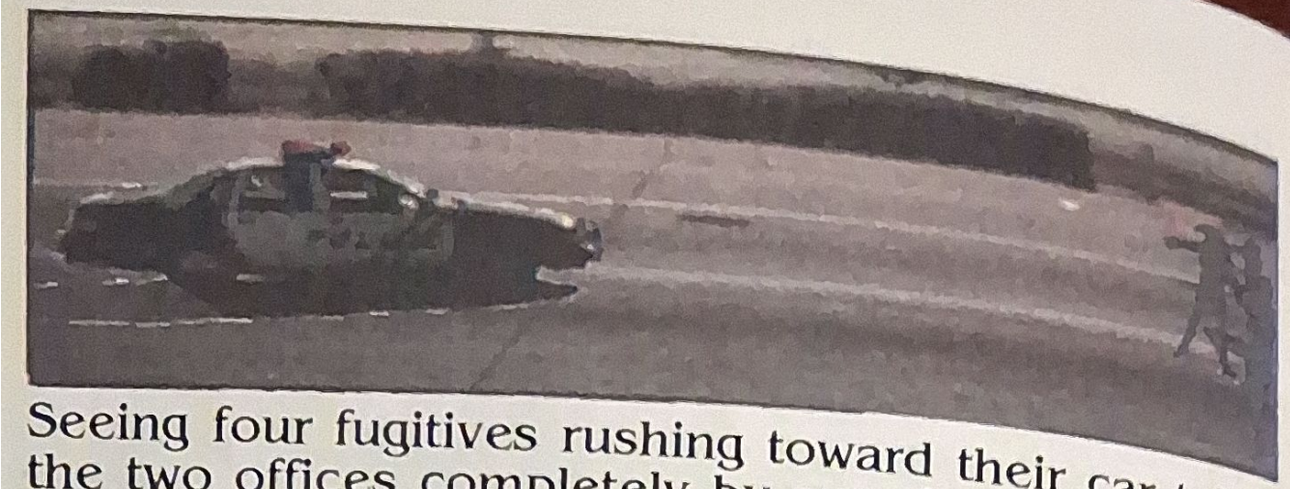
Following Jane's orders, Jimmy brings the van to a skidding stop. The four gang members swing open the van doors, and jump out in a full run. The two police officers watch the happenings through the front windshield of their car. Jimmy thinks about jumping a fence, when he sees Jane leading Wilma and Sandra in a rush toward the police car.

"Jane, what're you doing? Let's get out of here!"

Jane turns around and shouts at Jimmy.

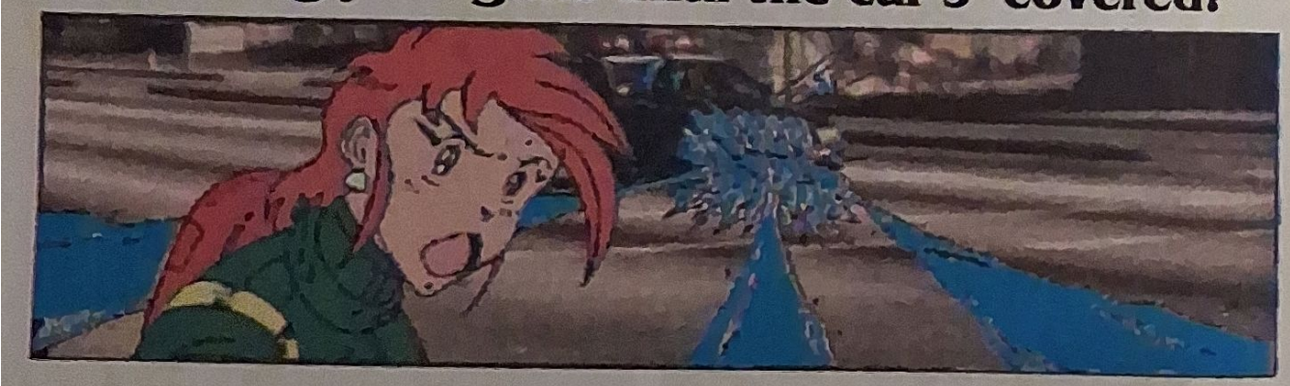
"Keep up with us, and ready your gun! Move!"

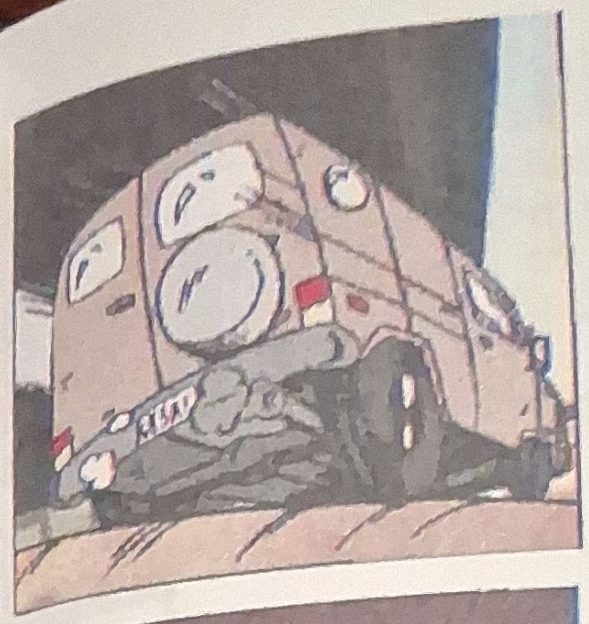




Seeing four fugitives rushing toward their car takes the two offices completely by surprise. The officer behind the wheel jams the brakes, and the wheels make a loud screeching sound as the car skids across the pavement. The car comes to a stop, close enough for the officers to see the whites of the eyes of the fugitives standing in line thirty feet in front of them.

Jane levels the barrel of her spray gun at the police car, and the other three gang members follow her lead. She is about to give the command to fire on the car, when she remembers that she is not wearing a scarf to conceal her identity. **These police officers see my face!** For the first time she feels fear. She realizes her choices in life will always be limited, because everybody will know what she is. But, it is too late to worry about the future now. These police have to be stopped, or her next stop will be jail. So she gives the order to spray the car. **"Keep firing your guns until the car's covered!"**





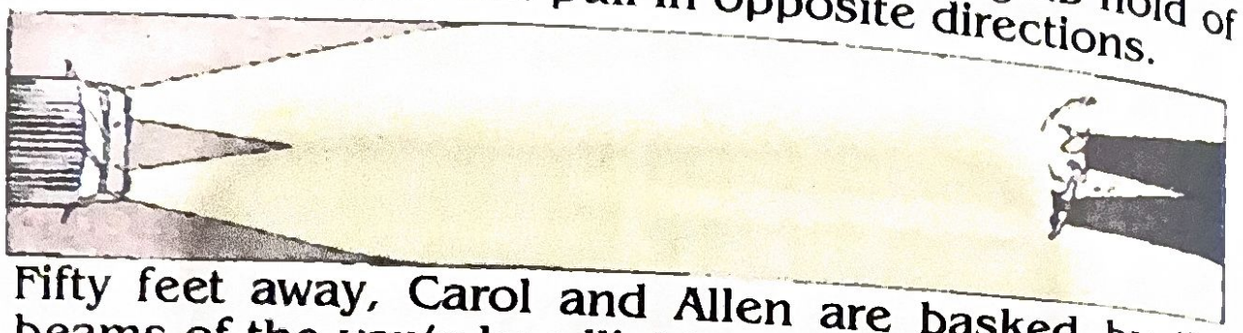
With the police car put out of commission, the WTCC gang scurries back to their van. They pile inside and speed away from the scene. Their hearts are pounding like drums and they each are covered in a cold sweat. The WTCC has never attacked a police car before. Jane was afraid of what was going to happen to them. She sensed everyone's fear and subsided her own to regain control as their leader.

"Listen everybody. We are going to drive downtown then ditch this van. We have the heat on us. But I'm the only one the police can I.D. So the rest of you don't have to worry..."

Jimmy interrupts Jane to tell her what he sees. **"Hey, there's two fools crossing the street..."**

Carol and Allen turn and see the speeding van.

Jane peers out the windshield, squinting her eyes to make out the two characters crossing the street just ahead. Jimmy grins sadistically, and depresses his foot on the gas peddle. Wilma and Sandra rise their heads to look out the front windshield over Jane's and Jimmy's shoulders. Carol and Allen grab hold of each others hand, but pull in opposite directions.



Fifty feet away, Carol and Allen are basked by the beams of the van's headlights. Forty feet away, Jane whispers a command beneath her breath for these characters to get out the way. Thirty feet away, Jimmy's gin grows into a loud laugh. Twenty feet away, Allen turns towards the curb and tries to jerk Carol out of the path of the van. Ten feet away, Carol pushes Allen backward toward the curb while simultaneously shutting her eyes and makes a terribly loud scream that is heard inside the van.
"EEEHHHHHAAAAHHHH!"

Carol appears to explode with an intense light from within, and that is followed by a thunderous clasp.

KAABBOOOMMMM!!!
The ground rattles as though a low-flying supersonic jet is passing overhead. For a few seconds, several city blocks are flooded in a blinding light that is more intense than that of the sun during midday Then a moment later, all is quiet. There are no city lights. The darkness of the night conceals the scene in the streets.